

BARBAROSSA :

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY DR. BROWN.

As performed at the
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

(first published in London, 1754.)

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1809

PROLOGUE.

Written by DAVID GARRICK, esq. and spoken by him
in the character of a country boy.

Measter ! measter !

Is not my measter here among you, pray ?

Nay, speak—my measter wrote this fine new play——

The actor-folks are making such a clatter !

They want the pro-log—I know nought o' th' matter !

He must be there among you—look about—

A weezen, pale fac'd man, do—find him out——

Pray, measter, come—or all will fall to sheame ;

Call mister—hold—I must not tell his name.

Law ! what a crowd is here ! what noise and pother !

Fine lads and lasses ! one o' top o' tother !

I could for ever here with wonder geaze !

I ne'er saw church so full in all my days !

Your servant, surs !—what do you laugh for ? eh !

You donna take me sure for one o' the' play ?

You should not flout an honest country lad—

You think me fool, and I think you half mad :

You're all as strange as I, and stranger too,

And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you. [laughing

I donna like your London tricks, not I,

And, since you rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why ?

And, if you wull, since now I am before ye,

For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.

*I came from country here to try my feate,
And get a place among the rich and great ;
But troth I'm sick o' th' journey I had ta'en,
I like it not—would I were whoam agaen !*

*First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation,
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal,
Zooks, he'd have beat five ploomen at meal !
But long with him I could not make abode,
For could you think it ?—he eat a great sea-toad !*

*It came from Indies—twas as big as me,
He call'd it belly-patch, and capapee :
Law ! how I star'd—I thought—who knows, but I,
For want of monsters, may be made a pye !
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame, and country fare again.*

*I left toad eater ; then I serv'd a lord,
And there they promis'd !—but ne'er kept their word,
While mong the great, this geaming work the trade is,
They mind no more poor servants, than their ladies.*

*A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth I thought her mad :
She turn'd the world top down as I may say,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day !
I stood one day with coach, and did but stoop
To put the foot-board down, and with her hoop
She cover'd me all over.—Where are you, lout ?
Here, maam, says I, for heav'n's sake let me out !
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her gear so short, so low her stays—
Fine folks show all for nothing now-a days !*

*Now I'm the poet's man—I find with wits
There's nothing sartain—nay, we eat by fits.*

*Our meals, indeed, are slender,—what of that ?
There are but three on's—measter, I, and cat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
You'd scarcely say, which of three is thinner.*

*My wages all depend on this night's piece,
But should you find that all our swans are geese !
E' feck I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

				<i>New-York</i>
Selim,	-	-	-	<i>Master Payne</i>
Barbarossa,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Rutherford</i>
Othman,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Robertson</i>
Sadi,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Tyler</i>
Aladin,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Darley</i>
Officer,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Doyle</i>
Slave,	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Lindsley</i>
Zaphira,	-	-	-	<i>Mrs. Twaits</i>
Irene,	-	-	-	<i>Mrs. Darley</i>
Slave,	-	-	-	<i>Miss White</i>

Officers, attendants, and slaves.

SCENE, the royal palace of Algiers.

TIME, a few hours about midnight.

The passages marked (") are omitted in representation.

BARBAROSSA.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

enter OTHMAN and SLAVE.

Oth. A stranger say'st thou ; that inquires of
Othman ?

Slave. He does : and waits admittance.

Oth. Did he tell
His name and quality ?

Slave. That he declin'd :
But call'd himself thy friend.

Oth. Where didst thou see him ?

Slave. Ev'n now while twilight clos'd the day, I
spied him

Musing amid the ruins of yon tow'r
That overhangs the flood. On my approach,
With aspect stern, and words of import dark,
He question'd me of Othman. Then the tear
Stole from his eye. But when I talk'd of power
And courtly honors here conferr'd on thee,
His frown grew darker : all I wish, he cried,
Is to confer with him, and then to die."

Oth. What may this mean ?—conduct the stran-
ger to me, [*exit slave*

Perhaps some worthy citizen, return'd
From voluntary exile to Algiers,
Once known in happier days.

enter SADI.

Ah, Sadi here!
My honor'd friend!

Sadi. Stand off—pollute me not.
These honest arms, though worn with want, disdain
Thy gorgeous trappings earn'd by foul dishonor.

Oth. Forbear thy rash reproaches: for beneath
This habit, which to thy mistaken eye
Confirms my guilt, I wear a heart as true
As Sadi's to my king.

Sadi. Why then beneath
This cursed roof, this black usurper's palace,
Darst thou to draw infected air and live
The slave of insolence! "why lick the dust
Beneath his feet, who laid Algiers in ruin?
But age, which should have taught thee honest
caution,

Has taught thee treachery!

Oth. Mistaken man!
Could passion prompt me to licentious speech
Like thine——

Sadi. Peace, false one! peace! the slave to power,
Still wears a pliant tongue." O, shame to dwell
With murder, lust, and rapine! did he not
Come from the depths of Barca's solitude,
With fair pretence of faith and firm alliance?
Did not our grateful king, with open arms,
Receive him as his guest? o, fatal hour!
Did he not then, with hot, adult'rous, eye,
Gaze on the queen Zaphira? yes, 'twas lust,
Lust gave th' infernal whisper to his soul

And bade him murder, if he would enjoy !
“ O, complicated horrors ! hell-born treach’ry !
Then fell our country, when good Selim died ! ”
Yet thou, pernicious traitor, unabash’d
Can’st wear the murd’rer’s badge.

Oth. Mistaken man !

“ Yet hear me, Sadi——

Sadi. What can dishonor plead ?

Oth. Yet blame not prudence.

Sadi. Prudence ! the stale pretence of ev’ry knave !
The traitor’s ready mask ! ”

Oth. Yet still I love thee :

Still unprovok’d by thy intemperate zeal,
Could passion prompt me to licentious speech ?
Bethink thee !—might I not reproach thy flight
With the foul names of fear and perfidy,
Didst thou not fly when Barbarossa’s sword
Reek’d with the blood of thy brave countrymen !
What then did I ?—beneath this hated roof,
In pity to my widow’d queen——

Sadi. In pity ?

Oth. Yes, Sadi : heaven is witness, pity sway’d
me.

“ *Sadi.* Words, words ! dissimulation all, and
guilt !

Oth. ” With honest guile I did enrol my name
In the black list of Barbarossa’s friends :
In hope, that some propitious hour might rise
When heav’n would dash the murd’rer from his
throne

And give young Selim to his orphan’d people.

Sadi. Indeed ! can’st thou be true ?

Oth. By heav’n, I am.

Sadi. Why then dissemble thus ?

Oth. Have I not told thee ?

I held it vain to stem the tyrant's power
By the weak efforts of an ill-tim'd rage.

Sadi. "Enough : " I find thee honest : and with
pride

Will join thy counsels. " This, my faithful arm,
Wasted with misery, shall gain new nerves
For brave resolves." Can aught, my friend, be done ?
Can aught be dar'd ?

Oth. We groan beneath the scourge.
This very morn, on false pretence of vengeance
For the foul murder of our honor'd king,
Five guiltless wretches perish'd on the rack.
" Our long-lov'd friends, and bravest citizens,
Self-banish'd to the desert, mourn in exile :
While the fell tyrant lords it o'er a crew
Of abject sycophants, the needy tools
Of power usurp'd, and a degenerate train
Of slaves in arms."

Sadi. O, my devoted country !
But say, the widow'd queen—my heart bleeds for
her.

Oth. If pain be life, she lives : " but in such woe,
As want and slavery might view with pity,
And bless their happier lot ! " hemm'd round by
terrors,

Within this cruel palace, once the seat
Of ev'ry joy, through sev'n long tedious years,
She mourns her murder'd lord, her exil'd son,
Her people fall'n : the murd'rer of her lord,
Returning now from conquest o'er the moors,
Tempts her to marriage : " spurr'd at once by lust,
And black ambition." But with noble firmness,
Surpassing female, she rejects his vows.

Scorning the horrid union. Meantime he,
With ceaseless hate, pursues her exil'd son ;
“ And—o, detested monster ! (*weeps*)

Sadi. Yet more deeds
Of cruelty ! just heav'n !

Oth. His rage pursues”
The virtuous youth, ev'n into foreign climes.
Ere this, perhaps, he bleeds. A murd'ring ruffian
Is sent to watch his steps, and plunge the dagger
Into his guiltless breast.

Sadi. Is this thy faith !
Tamely to witness to such deeds of horror !
Give me thy poignard ; lead me to the tyrant.
What though surrounding guards——

Oth. Repress thy rage.
Thou wilt alarm the palace, wilt involve
Thyself, thy friend, in ruin. Haste thee hence ;
Haste to the remnant of our loyal friends,
And let maturer councils rule thy zeal.

Sadi. Yet let us ne'er forget our prince's wrongs.
Remember, Othman, and let vengeance rise,
How in the pangs of death and in his gore,
Welt'ring, we found our prince ! “ The deadly dag-
ger

Deep in his heart was fix'd !” His royal blood,
The life-blood of his people, o'er the bath
Ran purple ! oh, remember ! and revenge !

Oth. Doubt not my zeal. But haste, and seek
our friends ;

Near to the western port Almanzor dwells,
Yet uneduc'd by Barbarossa's power.
He will disclose to thee if aught be heard
Of Selim's safety or, what more I dread,
Of Selim's death. Thence best may our resolves

Be drawn hereafter. But let caution guide thee,
 "For in these walks, where tyranny and guilt
 Usurp the throne, wakeful suspicion dwells;
 And squint-ey'd jealousy, prone to pervert
 Ev'n looks and smiles to treason."

Sadi. I obey thee.

Near to the western port, thou say'st.

Oth. Ev'n there.

Close by the blasted palm-tree, where the mosque
 O'erlooks the city. Haste thee hence, my friend.
 I would not have thee found within these walls.

(flourish)

And hark—these warlike sounds proclaim th' ap-
 proach

Of the proud Barbarossa, with his train.

Begone——

Sadi. May dire disease and pestilence
 Hang o'er his steps!—farewell—remember, *Oth-*
 man,

Thy queen's, thy prince's, and thy country's wrong.
 [*exit Sadi*]

Oth. When I forget them, be contempt my lot!
 Yet, for the love I bear them, I must wrap
 My deep resentments in the specious guise
 Of smiles and fair deportment.

enter BARBAROSSA, guards, &c.

Bar. Valiant Othman,
 Are these vile slaves impal'd?

Oth. My lord, they are.

Bar. Did not the rack extort confession from
 them?

Oth. They died obdurate: while the melting
 crowd

Wept at their groans and anguish.

Bar. Curse on their womanish hearts ! “ what,
pity slaves,

Whom my supreme decree condemn’d to torture ?
Are ye not all slaves, to whom my nod
Gives life or death ?

Oth. To doubt thy will is treason.

Bar. I love thee, faithful Othman :” but why sits
That sadness on thy brow ? “ for oft I find thee
Musing and sad ;” while joy for my return,
My sword victorious, and the moors o’erthrown,
Resounds through all my palace.

Oth. Mighty warrior !

The soul, intent on offices of love,
Will oft neglect or scorn the weaker proof
Which smiles or speech can give.

Bar. Well ; be it so.

To guard Algiers from anarchy’s misrule,
I sway the regal sceptre. “ Who deserves,
Shall meet protection ; and who merits not,
Shall meet my wrath in thunder.”—But tis strange,
That when with open arms I would receive
Young Selim, would restore the crown, which death
Rest from his father’s head—he scorns my bounty ;
“ Shuns me with sullen and obdurate hate”
And proudly kindles war in foreign climes,
Against my power who sav’d his bleeding country.

“ *Oth.* Tis strange indeed ——”

enter ALADIN.

Ala. Brave prince, I bring thee tidings
Of high concernment to Algiers and thee.
Young Selim is no more.

Oth. Selim no more ! “ indeed !”

B

Bar. "Indeed"—why that astonishment?
He was our bitterest foe.

Oth. So perish all thy causeless enemies!

Bar. "What says the rumor?"
How died the prince, and where?

Ala. The rumor tells,
That flying to Oran he there begg'd succors
From Ferdinand of Spain t' invade Algiers.

Bar. From christian dogs?

Oth. How! league with infidels!

Ala. And there held council with the haughty
spaniard

To conquer and dethrone thee, but in vain:
For in a dark encounter with two slaves,
Wherein the one fell by his youthful arm,
Selim at length was slain.

Bar. Ungrateful boy!

Oft have I courted him to meet my kindness;
But still in vain: he shunn'd me like a pestilence.
Nor could I e'er behold him, since the down
Cover'd his manly cheek. How many years
Number'd he?

Oth. I think scarce thirteen when his father died;
And now, some twenty.

Bar. Othman, now for proof
Of undissembled service.—Well I know,
Thy long experienc'd faith hath plac'd thee high
In the queen's confidence: "the crown I wear
Yet totters on my head, till marriage rites
Have made her mine." Othman, she must be won.
Plead thou my cause of love: "bid her dry up
Her fruitless tears: paint forth her long delays,
Wake all thy eloquence:" make her but mine,
And such "unsought" reward shall crown thy zeal,
As shall out-soar thy wishes.

Oth. Mighty king,
Where duty bids, I go.

Bar. Then haste thee, Othman,
Ere yet the rumor of her son's decease
Hath reach'd her ear; "ere yet the mournful tale
Hath whelm'd her in a new abyss of woe,
- And quench'd all soft affection, save for him,"
Tell her I come borne on the wings of love!—
Haste—fly—I follow thee. [*exit* Othman

Now, Aladin,
Now fortune bears us to the wish'd-for port;
"We ride secure on her most prosp'rous billow."
This was the rock I dreaded. Dost not think
Th' attempt was greatly daring?

Ala. Bold as needful.
What boot'd it to cut the old serpent off,
While the young adder nested in his place?

Bar. True: "we have conquer'd now." Algiers
is mine

Without a rival. "Thus great souls aspire,
And boldly snatch at crowns, beyond the reach
Of coward conscience." Yet I wonder much,
Omar returns not: Omar, whom I sent
On this high trust. I fear, tis he has fall'n.
Didst thou not say two slaves encounter'd Selim?

Ala. Ay, two; tis rumor'd so.

Bar. And that one fell?

Ala. "Even so:" by Selim's hand; while his
companion

Planted his happier steel in Selim's heart.

Bar. Omar, I fear is fallen. From my right
hand

I gave my signet to the trusty slave:
And bade him send it, as the certain pledge

Of Selim's death, if sickness or captivity
Or wayward fate should thwart his quick return.

Ala. The rumor yet is young; perhaps foreruns
The trusty slave's approach.

Bar. We'll wait th' event.

Mean time give out that now the widow'd queen
Hath dried her tears, prepar'd to crown my love
By marriage-rites: spread wide the flat'ring tale;
For if persuasion win not her consent,
Power shall compel.

"*Ala.* It is indeed a thought
Which prudence whispers.

Bar. Thou, brave Aladin,
Hast been the firm companion of my deeds:
Soon shall my friendship's warmth reward thy
faith."——

This night my will devotes to feast and joy,
For conquest o'er the moor. Hence, Aladin;
And see the night-watch close the palace round.

[*exit* Aladin

Now to the queen. My heart expands with hope.
Let high ambition flourish: in Selim's blood
Its root is struck: from this, the rising stem
Proudly shall branch o'er Afric's continent,
And stretch from shore to shore. My wayward
daughter.

enter IRENE.

"What, drown'd intears?" still with thy folly thwart
Each purpose of my soul? when pleasures spring
Beneath our feet, thou spurn'st the proffer'd boon
To dwell with sorrow. Why these sullen tears?

Irene. "Let not these tears offend my father's
eye;"

They are the tears of pity. From the queen
I come, thy suppliant.

Bar. "On some rude request."
What wouldst thou urge?

Irene. Thy dread return from war,
And proffer'd love, have open'd ev'ry wound
The soft and lenient hand of time had clos'd.
If ever gentle pity touch'd thy heart,
"Now let it melt!" urge not thy "harsh" com-
mand

To see her! her distracted soul is bent
To mourn in solitude. She asks no more.

Bar. She mocks my love. How many tedious
years

Have I endur'd her coyness? had not war,
And great ambition, call'd me from Algiers
Ere this my power had reap'd what she denies.
But there's a cause which touches on my peace,
And bids me brook no more her false delays.

Irene. Oh, frown not thus! "sure, pity ne'er de-
serv'd

A parent's frown!" but look more kindly on me,
Let thy consenting pity mix with mine,
And heal the woes of weeping majesty!
Unhappy queen!

Bar. What means that gushing tear?

Irene. Oh, never shall Irene taste of peace
While poor Zaphira mourns!

Bar. Is this my child?
Perverse and stubborn!—as thou lov'st thy peace,
Dry up thy tears. What! damp the general tri-
umph
That echoes through Algiers! which now shall
pierce

The vaulted heaven as soon as fame shall spread
Young Selim's death, my empire's bitt'rest foe.

Irene. O, generous Selim ! (*weeps*)

Bar. Ah, there's more in this !

Tell me, Irene : on thy duty, tell me :

" As thou dost wish, I would not cast thee off,
With an incensed father's curses on thee,
Now tell me" why, at this detested name of Selim,
Afresh thy sorrow streams ?

Irene. Yes, I will tell thee,

For he is gone ! and dreads thy hate no more !
My father knows that scarce five moons are past :
Since the moors seiz'd, and sold me at Oran ;
A hopeless captive in a foreign clime !

Bar. Too well I know, and rue the fatal day.
But what of this ?

Irene. " Why should I tell, what horrors
Did then beset my soul ?" oft have I told thee,
How midst the throng, a youth appear'd : his eye
Bright as the morning star !

Bar. And was it Selim ?
Did he redeem thee ?

Irene. With unsparing hand
He paid th' allotted ransom : " and o'erbade
Av'rice and appetite." At his feet I wept,
Dissolv'd in tears of gratitude and joy.
But when I told my quality and birth,
He started at the name of Barbarossa ;
" And thrice turn'd pale." Yet, with recovery mild,
Go to Algiers, he cried—protect my mother—
And be to her, what Selim is to thee.—
Ev'n such, my father, was the gen'rous youth
Who, by the hands of bloody, bloody, men,
Lies number'd with the dead.

Bar. Amazement chills me!

Was this thy unknown friend conceal'd from me?
False, faithless child!

Irene. Could gratitude do less!

He said thy wrath pursued him; thence conjur'd
me

Not to reveal his name.

Bar. Thou treacherous maid!

To stoop to freedom from thy father's foe!

Irene. Alas, my father!

He never was thy foe.

Bar. What! plead for Selim!

"Away. He merited the death he found!"

O, coward! traitress to thy father's glory!

Thou should'st have liv'd a slave,—been sold to
shame,

Been banish'd to the depth of howling desarts,
Been aught but what thou art, rather than blot
A father's honor by a deed so vile:—

Hence, from my sight. Hence, thou unthankful
child!

Beware thee: shun the queen: nor taint her ear
With Selim's fate. Yes, she shall crown my love;
Or by our prophet, she shall dread my power.

[*exit* Barbarossa]

Irene. Unhappy queen!

To what new scene of horrors art thou doom'd!

"O, cruel father! hapless child! whom pity
Compels to call him cruel! generous Selim!

Poor injur'd queen!" she but entreats to die
In her dear father's tents! thither, good queen,
My care shall speed thee, while suspicion sleeps.

What though my frowning father pours his rage
On my defenceless head? yet innocence

Shall yield her firm support ; and conscious virtue
 Gild all my days. Could I but save Zaphira,
 Let the storm beat, I'll weep and pray ; till she,
 Bereft of her lov'd lord, of every joy bereft,
 And heaven forget my father e'er was cruel. [*exit*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I—ZAPHIRA “*and female slaves*” discovered.

Zaph. When shall I be at peace !—o, righteous
 heaven,
 Strengthen my fainting soul, which fain would rise
 To confidence in thee !—but woes on woes
 O'erwhelm me ! first my husband ! now my son !
 Both dead, both slaughter'd by the bloody hand
 Of Barbarossa ! “ Sweet content, farewell !
 Farewell, sweet hope ! grief is my portion here !
 O, dire ambition ! what infernal power
 Unchain'd thee from thy native depth of hell
 To stalk the earth with thy destructive train,
 Murder and lust ! to waste domestic peace,
 And ev'ry heart-felt joy !”

enter OTHMAN.

O, faithful Othman !
 Our fears were true ! my Selim is no more !
Oth. Has then the fatal secret reach'd thine ear ?
 Inhuman tyrant !

Zaph. Strike him, heaven, with thunder !
 Nor let Zaphira doubt thy providence.

Oth. 'Twas what we fear'd. Oppose not heaven's
 high will,

Nor struggle with the ten-fold chain of fate,
That links thee to thy woes ! Oh, rather yield
And wait the happier hour when innocence
Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing hope,
And yield thyself to heaven. My honor'd queen.
The king——

Zaph. Whom stilest thou king ?

Oth. "Tis" Barbarossa——

"He" means to see thee.——

Zaph. "Curses blast" the tyrant !
Does he assume the name of king ?

Oth. He does.

Zaph. O title vilely purchas'd ! by the blood
Of innocence ! by treachery and murder !
May heaven incens'd pour down his vengeance on
him,

Blast all his joys and turn them into horror,
Till frenzy rise and bid him curse the hour
That gave his crimes their birth, my faithful Oth-
man,

My sole surviving prop ! canst thou devise
No secret means, by which I may escape
The hated palace ! with undaunted step
I'd roam the waste, to reach my father's vales
Of dear Mutija !—can no means be found,
To fly these black'ning horrors that surround me ?

Oth. That hope is vain ! the tyrant knows thy
hate.

Hence, day and night, his "watchful" guards envi-
ron thee

Impenetrable as walls of adamant.

Curb then thy mighty griefs : justice and truth
He mocks as shadows." Rouze not then his anger ;
Let soft persuasion and mild eloquence

Redeem that liberty, which stern rebuke
Would rob thee of for ever.

Zaph. Cruel task !

For royalty to bow,"—an injur'd queen
To kneel for liberty ! and, oh ! to whom ?
Ev'n to the mūrd'rer of her lord and son !
O perish first, Zaphira ! yes, I'll die !
For what is life to me ! my dear, dear lord !
My hapless child ! yes, I will follow you.

Oth. Wilt thou not see him, then ?

Zaph. I will not, Othman ;

Or if I do, with bitter imprecation,
More keen than poison shot from serpents' tongues,
I'll pour my curses on him !

Oth. Will Zaphira

Thus meanly sink in woman's fruitless rage,
When she should wake revenge ?

Zaph. Revenge !—o tell me—

Tell me but how ! what can a helpless woman ?

Oth. Gain but the tyrant's leave, and reach thy
father :

Pour thy complaints before him : let thy wrongs
Kindle his indignation, to pursue
This vile usurper, till unceasing war
Blast his ill-gotten power.

Zaph. Ah !—say'st thou, Othman ? (*rising*)

Thy words have shot like lightning through my
frame ;

And all my soul's on fire !—thou faithful friend ;
Yes ; with more gentle speech I'll soothe his pride ;
Regain my freedom ; reach my father's tents ;
There paint my countless woes. His kindling rage
Shall wake the vallies into honest vengeance :
The sudden storm shall pour on Barbarossa ;

And ev'ry glowing warrior steep his shaft
In deadlier poison, to revenge my wrongs.

Oth. There spoke the queen. But as thou lov'st
thy freedom

Touch not on Selim's death. Thy soul will kindle,
And passion mount in flames that will consume
thee.

Zaph. My murder'd son!—yes to revenge thy
death,

I'll speak a language which my heart disdains.

Oth. Peace, peace! the tyrant comes: now, in-
jur'd queen,

Plead for thy freedom, hope for just revenge,
And check each rising passion! [*exit Othman*

enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. Hail, sovereign fair! “Thrice honor'd
queen!” in whom

Beauty and majesty conspire to charm!
Behold the conqu'ror, “whose deciding voice
Can speak the fate of kingdoms, at thy feet
Lies vanquish'd by thy power!”

Zaph. O, Barbarossa!

No more the pride of conquest e'er can charm
My widow'd heart! with my departed lord
My love lies buried! “I should meet thy flame
With sullen tears and cold indifference.”

Then turn thee to some happier fair, whose heart
May crown thy growing love, with love sincere!
For I have none to give!

Bar. Love ne'er should die:

'Tis the soul's cordial: tis the fount of life;
Therefore should spring eternal in the breast.

One object lost, another should succeed ;
And all our life be love.

Zaph. Urge me no more :—thou might'st, with
equal hope,

Woo the cold marble weeping o'er a tomb
To meet thy wishes ! but if gen'rous love
Dwell in thy breast, vouchsafe me proof sincere :
Give me safe convoy to the native vales,
Of dear Mutija, where my father reigns.

Bar. O, blind to proffer'd bliss ! what, fondly quit
This " lofty palace, and the envied " pomp
Of empire, for an arab's " wand'ring tent !"
Where the mock chieftain leads his vagrant tribes
From plain to plain, " as thirst or famine sways ;
Obscurely vain ! " and faintly shadows out
The majesty of kings !—far other joys
Here shall attend thy call : " the winged bark
For thee shall traverse seas ; and ev'ry clime
Be tributary to Zaphira's charms.
To thee, exalted fair," submissive realms
Shall bow the neck ; and swarthy kings and queens,
From the far distant Niger and the Nile,
Drawn captive at my conqu'ring chariot wheels,
Shall kneel before thee.

Zaph. Pomp and power are toys,
Which ev'n the mind at ease may well disdain ;
But, ah ! what mockery is the tinsel pride
Of splendor when, " by wasting woes," the mind
Lies desolate within !—such, such is mine !
O'erwhelm'd with ills, and dead to every joy ;
Envy me not this last request, to die
In my dear father's tents !

Bar. Thy suit is vain—

Zaph. Thus kneeling at thy feet—I do beseech
thee.—

Bar. Thou thankless fair !

Thus to repay the labors of my love ?

Had I not seiz'd the throne when Selim died,

Ere this, thy foes had laid Algiers in ruin :

I check'd the warring powers, and gave you peace.

“ Zaph. Peace dost thou call it ! what can worse
be fear'd

From the war's rage, than violence and blood ?

Have not unceasing horrors mark'd thy reign :

Through sev'n long years, thy slaught'ring sword
hath reek'd

With guiltless blood.

Bar. With guiltless blood ?—take heed—

Rouze not my slumb'ring rage : nor vindicate

Thy country's guilt and treason.

Zaph. Where violence reigns, there innocence is
guilt ;

And virtue, treason.—Know, Zaphira scorns

Thy menace—yes,—thy slaught'ring sword hath
reek'd

With guiltless blood. Through thee exile and
death

Have thinn'd Algiers. Is this thy boasted peace ?

So might the tyger boast the peace he brings,

When he o'erleaps by stealth and wastes the fold.

Bar. Ungrateful queen ! I'll give thee proof of
love,

Beyond thy sex's pride !” make thee but mine,

I will descend the throne, and call thy son

From banishment to empire.

Zaph. Oh, my heart !

Can I bear this !——

Inhuman tyrant ! curses on thy head !

May dire remorse and anguish haunt thy throne,

And gender in thy bosom fell despair !
Despair as deep as mine !

Bar. What means Zaphira ?
What means this burst of grief ?

Zaph. Thou fell destroyer ?
Had not guilt steel'd thy heart, awak'ning conscience
Would flash conviction on thee ; and each look,
Shot from these eyes, be arm'd with serpent-horrors
To turn thee into stone ! relentless man !
Who did the bloody deed ? oh, tremble guilt
Where'er thou art !—look on me !—tell me, tyrant,
Who slew my blameless son ?

Bar. What envious tongue,
“ My foe” hath dar'd to taint my name with slan-
der ?

“ This is the rumor of some coz'ning slave,
Who thwarts my peace. Believe it not, Zaphira ;”
Thy Selim lives : nay more, he soon shall reign
If thou consent to bless me.

Zaph. Never ! oh, never—sooner would I roam
An unknown exile through the torrid climes
Of Afric, sooner dwell with wolves and tygers,
Than mount with thee my murder'd Selim's throne !

Bar. Rash queen, forbear ; think on thy captive-
state :

Remember, that within these palace-walls,
I am omnipotent : “ that every knee
Bends at my dread approach :” that shame and honor,
Reward and punishment, await my nod
The vassals of my pleasure.—Yield thee then :
Avert the gath'ring horrors that surround thee,
And dread my power incens'd.

Zaph. Dares thy licentious tongue pollute mine
ear

With that foul menace !—tyrant ! dread'st thou not
Th' all-seeing eye of heav'n, its lifted thunder,
And all the redd'ning vengeance which it stores
For crimes like thine ? yet know Zaphira scorns
thee.

Though robb'd by thee of ev'ry dear support,
No tyrant's threat can awe the freeborn soul
That greatly dares to die. [exit Zaphira

Bar. Where should she learn the tale of Selim's
death !

Could Othman dare to tell it ? if he did,
My rage shall sweep him, swifter than the whirl-
wind,

To instant death !—"Curse on her steadiness !
She lords it o'er my heart. There is a charm
Of majesty in virtue that disarms
Reluctant power, and bends the struggling will
From her most firm resolve."

enter ALADIN,

O, Aladin !

Timely thou com'st to ease my lab'ring thought,
That swells with indignation and despair.

This stubborn woman——

Ala. What, unconquer'd still ?

Bar. The news of Selim's fate hath reach'd her
ear.

Whence could this come !

Ala. I can resolve this doubt.

A female slave, attendant on Zaphira,
O'erheard the messenger who brought the tale
And gave it to her ear.

Bar. Perdition seize her !

Nor threats can move, nor promise now allure

Her haughty soul : nay, she defies my power :
And talks of death, as if her female form
Inshrin'd some hero's spirit.

Ala. Let her rage foam.

I bring thee tidings that will ease thy pain.

Bar. Say'st thou ?—speak on—o give me quick
relief !—

Ala. The gallant youth is come, who slew her
son.

Bar. Who ? Omar !

Ala. No ; unhappy Omar fell
By Selim's hand. But Achmet, whom he join'd
His brave associate, so the youth bids tell thee,
Revenge'd his death by Selim's.

Bar. Gallant youth !
Bears he the signet ?

Ala. Ay.

Bar. That speaks him true.—Conduct him, Ala-
din. [exit Aladin

This is beyond my hope. The secret pledge
Restor'd, prevents suspicion of the deed
While it confirms it done.

enter SELIM, disguised as Achmet, and ALADIN.

Selim. Hail, mighty Barbarossa ! as the pledge
[kneels

Of Selim's death, behold thy ring restor'd :
That pledge will speak the rest.

Bar. Rise, valiant youth !

But first, no more a slave, I give thee freedom.
Thou art the youth whom Omar, now no more,
Join'd his companion in the brave attempt ?

Selim. I am.

Bar. Then tell me how you sped.—Where found
ye

That insolent !

Selim. We found him at Oran,
Plotting deep mischief to thy throne and people.

Bar. Well ye repaid the traitor.—

Selim. As we ought.

While night drew on, we leapt upon our prey.
Full at his heart brave Omar aim'd the poignard ;
Which Selim shunning, wrench'd it from his hand
Then plunged it in his breast. I hasted on.
Too late to save, yet I reveng'd my friend :
My thirsty dagger with repeated blows
Search'd every artery : they fell together,
Gasping in folds of mortal enmity,
And thus in frowns expir'd.

Bar. Well hast thou sped.

Thy dagger did its office, faithful Achmet ;
And high reward shall wait thee.—One thing
more—

Be the thought fortunate !—go, seek the queen.
For know the rumor of her Selim's death
Hath reach'd her ear : hence dark suspicions rise,
Glancing at me. Go ; tell her, that thou saw'st
Her son expire ; that with his dying breath,
He did conjure her to receive my vows
And give her country peace. “ That, sure will lull
Suspicion. Aladin, that sure will win her.

“ *Ala.* Tis wisely thought. It must.”

enter OTHMAN.

Bar. Most welcome Othman.

Behold this gallant stranger. He hath done
The state good service. Let some high reward
Await him, such as may o'er pay his zeal.
Conduct him to the queen ; for he has news

Worthy her ear, from her departed son ;
Such as may win her love.—Come, Aladin :
The banquet waits our presence : festal joy
Laughs in the mantling goblet ; and the night,
Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
Rivals departed day. [*exeunt Barb. and Alad.*

Selim. What anxious thought
Rolls in thine eye, and heaves thy lab'ring breast ?
Why join'st thou not the loud excess of joy,
That riots through the palace ?

Oth. Dar'st thou tell me,
On what dark errand thou art here ?

Selim. I dare.
Dost thou not perceive the savage lines of blood
Deform my visage ? read'st not in mine eye
Remorseless fury ?—I am *Selim's* murd'rer.

Oth. *Selim's* murderer !

Selim. Start not from me.
My dagger thirsts not but for regal blood ;
Why this amazement ?

Oth. Amazement ?—no—tis well—tis as it should
be—

He was indeed a foe to *Barbarossa*.

Selim. And therefore to *Algiers* :—was it not so ?
Why dost thou pause ? what passion shakes thy
frame ?

Oth. Fate, do thy worst ! I can no more dissem-
ble !—

Can I unmov'd behold the murd'ring ruffian,
Smear'd with my prince's blood !—go tell the ty-
rant,

Othman defies his power ; that tir'd with life,
He dares his bloody hand, and pleads to die.

Selim. What, didst thou love this *Selim* ?

Oth. All men lov'd him;
He was of such unmix'd and blameless quality
That envy, at his praise stood mute, nor dar'd
To sully his fair name !—remorseless tyrant !

Selim. I do commend thy faith. And since thou
lov'st him,
I'll whisper to thee, that with honest guile
I have deceiv'd this tyrant Barbarossa :
Selim is yet alive.

Oth. Alive !

Selim. Nay, more——
Selim is in Algiers.

Oth. Impossible !

Selim. Nay, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him hith-
ther, straight.

Oth. Not for an empire !
Thou might'st as well bring the devoted lamb
Into the tyger's den.

Selim. But I'll bring him
Hid in such deep disguise, as shall deride
Suspicion though she wear the lynx's eyes.
Not even thyself couldst know him.

Oth. Yes, sure : too sure : to hazard such an
awful
Trial !

Selim. Yet seven revolving years, worn out
In tedious exile, may have wrought such change
Of voice and feature in the state of youth
As might elude thine eye.

Oth. No time can blot
The mem'ry of his sweet majestic mien,
The lustre of his eye ! besides he wears,
A mark indelible, a beauteous scar,
Made on his forehead by a furious pard,

Which, rushing on his mother, Selim slew.

Selim. A scar !

Oth. Ay, on his forehead.

Selim. What, like this ? (*lifting his turban*)

Oth. Whom do I see !—am I awake !—my prince ! (*kneels*)

My honor'd, honor'd, king !

Selim. Rise, faithful Othman.

Thus let me thank thy truth ! (*embraces him*)

Oth. O, happy hour !

Selim. Why dost thou tremble thus ? why grasp my hand ?

And why that ardent gaze ? thou canst not doubt me ?

Oth. Ah, no ! I see thy sire in ev'ry line.—

How did my prince escape the murderer's hand ?

Selim. I wrench'd the dagger from him ; and gave back

That death he meant to bring. The ruffian wore

The tyrant's signet :—take this ring, he cried,

The sole return my dying hand can make thee

For its accurs'd attempt : this pledge restor'd,

Will prove thee slain : “ safe may'st thou see Algiers,

Unknown to all.”—This said, th' assassin died.

Oth. But how to gain admittance, thus unknown ?

Selim. Disguis'd as Selim's murderer I come :

Th' accomplice of the deed : the ring restor'd,

Gain'd credence to my words.

Oth. Yet ere thou came thy death was rumor'd here,

Selim. I spread the flatt'ring tale, and sent it hither ;
“ That babbling rumor, like a lying dream,
Might make belief more easy.” Tell me, Othman,

And yet I tremble to approach the theme,—
How fares my mother? does she still retain
Her native greatness?

Oth. Still: in vain the tyrant
Tempts her marriage, though with impious threats
Of death or violation.

Selim. May kind heaven
Strengthen her virtue, and by me reward it!
When shall I see her, Othman?

Oth. Yet, my prince,
I tremble for thy presence.

Selim. Let not fear
Sully thy virtue; tis the lot of guilt
To tremble. What hath innocence to do with fear?

“*Oth.* Yet think—should Barbarossa—

Selim. Dread him not—
Thou know’st, by his command I see Zaphira;
And wrapt in this disguise I walk secure,
As if from heaven some guarding power attending
Threw ten-fold night around me.”

Oth. Still my heart
Forebodes some dire event!—o, quit these walls!

Selim. Not till a deed be done, which ev’ry tyrant
Shall tremble when he hears.

Oth. What means my prince?

Selim. To take just vengeance for a father’s blood,
A mother’s suff’rings, and a people’s groans.

Oth. Alas, my prince, thy single arm is weak
To combat multitudes!

Selim. Therefore I come,
Clad in this murderer’s guise—ere morning shines,
This, Othman—this—shall drink the tyrant’s blood.

(shows a dagger)

Oth. Heaven shield thy “precious” life—let
caution rule.

Thy "headlong" zeal !

Selim. Nay, think not that I come
Blindly impell'd by fury or despair :
For I have seen our friends, and parted now
From Sadi and Almanzor.

Oth. Say——what hope ?
My soul is all attention——

Selim. Mark me, then ;
A chosen band of citizens this night
Will storm the palace : while the gluttoned troops
Lie drench'd in surfeit ; the confed'rate city,
Bold through despair, have sworn to break their
chain

By one wide slaughter. I, mean time, have gain'd
The palace and will wait th' appointed hour,
To guard Zaphira from the tyrant's rage,
Amid the deathful uproar.

Oth. Heaven protect thee——
Tis dreadful——what's the hour ?

Selim. I left our friends
In secret council. Ere the dead of night
Brave Sadi will report their last resolves.——
Now lead me to the queen.——

Oth. Brave prince, beware !
Her joy's or fear's excess, would sure betray thee.
Thou shalt not see her, till the tyrant perish !

Selim. I must.—I feel some secret impulse urge
me.

Who knows that tis not the last parting interview,
We shall ever obtain ?

Oth. Then, on thy life,
Do not reveal thyself.——Assume the name
Of Selim's friend ; sent to confirm her virtue,
And warn her that he lives,

Selim. It shall be so ; I yield me to thy will.

Oth. Thou greatly daring youth ! may angels
watch,

And guard thy upright purpose ! that Algiers
May reap the blessings of thy virtuous reign,
And all thy godlike father shine in thee !

Selim. Oh, thou hast rous'd a thought, on which
revenge

Mounts with redoubled fire !—yes, here, ev'n
here,—

Beneath this very roof my honor'd father
Shed round his blessings, till accursed treach'ry
Stole on his peaceful hour ! o, blessed shade !
If yet thou hover'st o'er thy once lov'd clime,
Now aid me to redress thy bleeding wrongs !
Infuse thy mighty spirit into my breast,
“ Thy firm and dauntless fortitude, unaw'd
By peril, pain, or death ! ” that undismay'd
I may pursue the just intent, and dare
Or bravely to revenge, or bravely die. [exceunt

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

enter IRENE.

Irene. Can air-drawn visions mock the waking
eye ?

Sure twas his image !—“ yet, his presence here—
After full rumor had confirm'd him dead !

Beneath this hostile roof to court destruction !
It staggers all belief ! silent he shot

Athwart my view, amid the glimmering lamps,
With swift and ghost-like step, that seem'd to shun
All human converse." This way, sure he mov'd ;
But, oh, how chang'd ! he wears no gentle smiles,
But terror in his frown. He comes.—Tis he :—
For Othman points him thither, and departs.
Disguis'd, he seeks the queen : secure, perhaps,
And heedless of the ruin that surrounds him.
O, generous Selim ! can I see thee thus ;
And not forewarn such virtue of its fate !
Forbid it gratitude !

enter SELIM.

Selim. Be still, ye sighs !
Ye struggling tears of filial love, be still.
Down, down, fond heart !

Irene. Why, stranger dost thou wander here ?

Selim. Oh, ruin ! (*shunning her*)

Irene. Blest, is Irene ! blest if Selim lives !

Selim. Am I betray'd !

Irene. Betray'd to whom ? to her

Whose grateful heart would rush on death to save
thee.

Selim. It was my hope
That time had veil'd all semblance of my youth,
" And thrown the mask of manhood o'er my vis-
age."—

Am I then known ?

Irene. To none, but love and me.—
To me, who late beheld thee at Oran ;
Who saw thee here, beset with unseen peril,
And flew to save the guardian of my honor.

Selim. Thou sum of ev'ry worth ! thou heaven of
sweetness !

How could I pour forth all my soul before thee,
In vows of endless truth !—it must not be !—
This is my destin'd goal !—the mansion drear,
Where grief and anguish dwell ! where bitter tears,
And sighs, and lamentations, choke the voice,
And quench the flame of love !

Irene. Yet, virtuous prince,
Though love be silent, gratitude may speak.
Hear then her voice, which warns thee from these
walls.

Mine be the grateful task to tell the queen,
Her Selim lives. Ruin and death inclose thee.
O, speed thee hence, while yet destruction sleeps !

“ *Selim.* Too generous maid ; o heaven ! that
Barbarossa
Should be Irene's father.

Irene. Injur'd prince !
Lose not a thought on me • I know thy wrongs,
And merit not thy love. No, learn to hate me.
Or, if Irene e'er can hope such kindness,
First pity then forget me.

Selim. When I do,
May heaven pour down its righteous vengeance on
me.

Irene. Hence ! haste thee hence.”

Selim. Would it were possible.

Irene. What can prevent it ?

Selim. Justice' fate, and justice !

A murder'd father's wrongs !

“ *Irene.* Ah, prince, take heed !
I have a father too !

Selim. What did I say ?—my father !—not my
father.

Can I depart till I have seen Zaphira ?”

Irene. Justice, said'st thou ?
'That word has struck me, like a peal of thunder !
Thine eye, which wont to melt with gentle love,
Now glares with terror ! thy approach by night—
Thy dark disguise, thy looks and fierce demeanor,
Yes, all conspire to tell me I am lost !
Ah, prince, take heed ! I have a father too !
Think, Selim, what Irene must endure
Should she be guilty of a father's blood !

“ *Selim.* A father's blood !

Irene. Too sure. In vain thou hid'st
Thy dire intent ! forbid it, heaven, Irene
Should see destruction hov'ring o'er her father,
And not prevent the blow !

Selim. Is this thy love,
Thy gratitude to him, who sav'd thy honor ?

Irene. 'Tis gratitude to him who gave me life :
He who preserv'd me claims the second place.

Selim. Is he not a tyrant, murderer ?

Irene. O spare my shame ! I am his daughter
still !

Selim. Wouldst thou become the partner of his
crimes ?

Irene. Forbid it, heav'n !—yet I must save a
father !”

Selim. Come on then. Lead me to him. Glut
thine eye

With Selim's blood——

Irene. Was e'er distress like mine !
O Selim, can I see my father perish !

“ Would I had ne'er been born ! (*weeps*)

Selim. Thou virtuous maid !
My heart bleeds for thee !

Irene.” Quit, o quit these walls !

Heaven will ordain some gentler, happier, means
To heal thy woes ! thy dark attempt is big
With horror and destruction ! generous prince !
Resign thy dreadful purpose, and depart !

Selim. May not I see Zaphira, ere I go ?
Thy gentle pity will not, sure, deny us
The mournful pleasure of a parting tear ?

Irene. Go, then, and give her peace. But fly
these walls,

As soon as morning shines :—else, though despair
Drives me to madness :—yet—to save a father !
O, *Selim.* spare my tongue the horrid sentence !
Fly ! ere destruction seize thee ! [exit Irene

Selim. Death and ruin !

Must I then fly ?—what !—coward-like betray
My father, mother, friends ! vain terrors, hence !
Danger looks big to fear's deluded eye :
But courage on the heights and steep's of fate,
Dares snatch her glorious purpose from the edge
Of peril : and while sick'ning caution shrinks,
Or self-betray'd, falls headlong down the steep ;
Calm resolution, unpall'd, can walk
The giddy brink secure.—Now to the queen.—
How shall I dare to meet her thus unknown !
How stifle the warm transports of my heart,
That pants at her approach !—who waits the queen ?
Who waits Zaphira ?

enter a female SLAVE.

Slave. Whence this intrusion, stranger, at an
hour
Destin'd to rest ?

Selim. I come, to seek the queen,

On matter of such import, as may claim
Her speedy audience.

Slave Thy request is vain ;
Ev'n now the queen hath heard the mournful tale
Of her son's death, and drown'd in grief she lies.
Thou canst not see her.

Selim. Tell the queen, I come
On message from her dear departed son ;
And bring his last request.

Slave. I'll haste to tell her.
"With all a mother's tend'rest love she'll fly,
To meet that name." [exit slave

Selim. O, ill-dissembling heart !—my ev'ry limb
Trembles with grateful terror !—"would to heaven
I had not come !" some look, or starting tear,
Will sure betray me.—Honest guile assist
My falt'ring tongue !

enter ZAPHIRA.

Zaph. Where is this pious stranger ?
Say, generous youth, whose pity leads thee thus
To seek the weeping mansions of distress !
Didst thou behold in death my hapless son ?
"Did'st thou receive my *Selim*'s parting breath ?"
Did he remember me ?

Selim. Most honor'd queen !
Thy son—forgive these gushing tears that flow
To see distress like thine !

Zaph. I thank thy pity !
Tis generous thus to feel for other's woe.
What of my son ? say, didst thou see him die ?

Selim. By *Barbarossa*'s dread command I come

To tell thee, that these eyes alone beheld
Thy son expire.

Zaph. O heaven!—my child! my child!

Selim. That ev'n in death, the pious youth re-
member'd

His royal mother's woes."

Zaph. "Where, where was I!"

Relentless fate! that I should be denied
The mournful privilege to see him die?
To clasp him in the agony of death,
And catch his parting soul! oh, tell me all,
All he said and look'd? deep in my heart
That I may treasure ev'ry parting word,
Each dying whisper of my dear, dear son!

Selim. Let not my words offend.—What if he
said,

Go, tell my hapless mother, that her tears
Have stream'd too long: then bid her weep no
more:

Bid her forget the husband and the son,
In Barbarossa's arms!

Zaph. O, basely false!

Thou art some creeping slave to Barbarossa,
Sent to surprize my unsuspecting heart!
Vile slave, begone!—my son betray me thus!
Could he have e'er conceiv'd so base a purpose,
My griefs for him should end in great disdain!
But he was brave, and scorn'd a thought so vile!
Wretched Zaphira, how art thou become
The sport of slaves!—"o, griefs incurable!"

Selim. Yet hope for peace, unhappy queen!
thy woes

May yet have end.

Zaph. Why weep'st thou, crocodile?

Thy treacherous tears are vain.

Selim. My tears are honest.

I am not what thou think'st.

Zaph. Who art thou then?

Selim. Oh, my full heart—I am—thy friend,
and Selim's

I come not to insult, but heal thy woes——

Now check thy heart's wild tumult, while I tell
thee——

Perhaps—thy son yet lives.

Zaph. Lives! o, gracious heaven!

Do I not dream? say, stranger, didst thou tell me,
Perhaps my Selim lives!—what do I ask?

Wild, wild, and fruitless hope!—what mortal power

Can e'er re-animate his mangled corse,

Shoot life into the cold and silent tomb,

Or bid the ruthless grave give up its dead!

Selim. O, powerful nature, thou wilt sure be-
tray me! (*aside*)

Thy Selim lives; for since his rumor'd death,

I saw him at Oran.

“*Zaph.* Ye heavenly powers!—

Didst thou not say, thou saw'st my son expire?

Didst not ev'n now relate his dying words?

Selim. It was an honest falsehood, meant to
prove

Zaphira's unstain'd virtue.

Zaph. Why—but Othman——

Othman affirm'd that my poor son was dead:

And I have heard the murderer is come,

In triumph o'er his dear and innocent blood.

Selim. I am that murderer.—Beneath this guise
I spread the abortive tale of Selim's death,
And haply won the tyrant's confidence.

Hence gain'd access ; and from thy Selim tell
thee,

Selim yet lives, and honors all thy virtues.

Zafih. O, generous youth, who art thou ! from
what clime

Comes such exalted virtue, as dares give

A pause to griefs like mine !—as dares approach

And prop the ruin tott'ring on its base,

Which selfish caution shuns !—oh, say—who art
thou ?

Selim. A friendless youth, self-banished with
thy son ;

Long his companion in distress and danger :

One who rever'd thy worth in prosp'rous days :

And more reveres thy virtue in distress."

Zafih. O, gentle stranger, mock not my woes,
But tell me truly---does my Selim live ?

Selim. He does, by heaven.

Zafih. O, generous heaven ! thou at length o'er-
pay'st

My bitterest pangs, if my dear Selim lives.

And does he still remember

His father's wrongs, and mine !

Selim. He bade me tell thee,

That in his heart indelibly are stamp'd

His father's wrongs and thine : that he but waits

Till awful justice may unsheath her sword,

" And lust and murder tremble at her frown !"

That till the arrival of that happy hour,

Deep in his soul the hidden fire shall glow,

And his breast labor with the great revenge !

" *Zafih.* Eternal blessings crown my virtuous
son !

I feel my heart revive ! here, peace once more

Begins to dawn."

Selim. Much honor'd queen, farewell.

Zaph. Not yet, not yet; indulge a mother's love!

In thee, the kind companion of his griefs,
Methinks I see my *Selim* stand before me.
Depart not yet. A thousand fond requests
Crowd on my mind. Wishes, and prayers, and
tears,

Are all I have to give. O bear him these!

Selim. Take comfort then; for know thy son,
o'erjoy'd

To rescue thee, would bleed at ev'ry vein!—
Bid her, he said, yet hope we may be blest!
Bid her remember that the ways of heaven,
Though dark, are just: that oft some guardian
power

Attends unseen to save the innocent!

But if high heaven decrees our fall!—oh, bid her
Firmly to wait the stroke prepar'd alike
To live or die! “and then he wept as I do.”

Zaph. Eternal blessings crown my virtuous son!
O, righteous heaven! “thou hast at length o'er-
pay'd

My bitt' rest pangs, if my dear *Selim* lives
And lives for me!—hear my departing prayer:

(*kneels*)

O, spare my son!”—protect his tender years!
Be thou his guide through dangers and distress!
Soften the rigors of his cruel exile,
And lead him to his throne!—“when I am gone,
Bless thou his peaceful reign! oh, early bless him
With the sweet pledges of connubial love;
That he may win his virtue's just reward,
And taste the raptures which a parent's heart
Reaps from a child like him! not for myself,

But my dear son—accept my parting tears !

[*exit Zaphira*]

Selim. Now, swelling heart,
Indulge the luxury of grief ! flow tears !
And rain down transport in the shape of sorrow !
Yes, I have sooth'd her woes ; have found her
noble :

And to have given this respite to her pangs,
O'erpays all pain and peril !—powerful virtue !
How infinite thy joys, when ev'n thy griefs
Are pleasing !—thou, superior to the frowns
“ Of fate, canst pour thy sunshine o'er the soul
And brighten woe to rapture !”

enter OTHMAN and SADI.

Honor'd friends !

How goes the night ?

Sadi. Tis well nigh midnight.

Oth. What—in tears, my prince ?

Selim. But tears of joy : for I have seen Zaphira,
And pour'd the balm of peace into her breast :
Think not these tears unnerve me, valiant friends ;
They have but harmoniz'd my soul ; and wak'd
All that is man within me to disdain
Peril or death.—What tidings from the city ?

Sadi. All, all is ready. Our confederate friends
Burn with impatience till the hour arrive.

Selim. What is the signal of th' appointed hour ?

Sadi. The midnight watch gives signal of our
meeting :

And when the second watch of night is rung,
The work of death begins.

Selim. Speed, speed ye minutes !

Now let the rising whirlwind shake Algiers,
And justice guide the storm ! “ scarce two hours
hence——

Sadi. Scarce more than one.

Selim.” Oh as you love my life,
Let your zeal hasten on the great event :
The tyrant’s daughter found, and knew me here :
And half suspects the cause.

Oth Too daring prince,
Retire with us ! her fears will sure betray thee !

Selim. What ! leave my helpless mother here
a prey
To cruelty and lust—I’ll perish first :
This very night the tyrant threatens violence :
I’ll watch his steps : I’ll haunt him through the
palace :

And should he meditate a deed so vile,
I’ll hover over him like an unseen pestilence
And blast him in his guilt !

Sadi. Intrepid prince !
Worthy of empire : yet accept my life,
My worthless life : do thou retire with Othman ;
I will protect Zaphira.

Selim. Think’st thou, Sadi,
That when the trying hour of peril comes,
Selim will shrink into a common man !
Worthless were he to rule who dares not claim
Pre-eminence in danger. Urge no more,
Here shall my station be ; and if I fall,
O friends let me have vengeance !—tell me now,
Where is the tyrant ?

Oth. Revelling at the banquet.

Selim. Tis good. Now tell me how our powers
are destin’d ?

Sadi. Near every port a secret band is posted :
By these the watchful centinels must perish :
The rest is easy : for the gluttoned troops
Lie drown'd in sleep ; the dagger's cheapest prey.
Almanzor, with his friends, will circle round
The avenues of the palace. Othman and I
Will join our brave confederates, all sworn
To conquer or to die, and burst the gates
Of this foul den. Then tremble, Barbarossa!

“*Selim.* Oh, how the approach of this great hour
Fires all my soul ! but, valiant friends, I charge
you,

Reserve the murderer to my just revenge ;
My poignard claims his blood.”

Oth. Forgive me, prince !
Forgive my doubts !—think—should the fair
Irene—

Selim. Thy doubts are vain. I would not spare
the tyrant,

Though the sweet maid lay weeping at my feet ;
“Nay, should he fall by any hand but mine
By heaven ! I'd think my honor'd father's blood
Scarce half reveng'd !” my love indeed is strong !
But love shall yield to justice !

Sadi. Gallant prince !
Bravely resolved !

Selim. But is the city quiet ?

Sadi. All, all is hush'd. Throughout the emp-
ty streets,

Nor voice, nor sound. As if th' inhabitants,
Like the presaging herds that seek the covert
Ere the loud thunder rolls, had inly felt
And shunn'd the impending uproar.

Oth. There is a solemn horror in the night too,

That pleases me : a general pause through nature :
The winds are hush'd——

Sadi. And as I pass'd the beach,
The lazy billows scarce could lash the shore :
No star peeps through the firmament of heav-
en——

Selim. And lo—where eastward, o'er the sullen
wave,

The waning moon, depriv'd of half her orb,
Rises in blood : her beam well-nigh extinct,
Faintly contends with darkness—— (*bell tolls*)
Hark !——what meant that tolling bell ?

Oth. It rings the midnight watch.

Sadi. This was the signal——

Come, Othman, we are call'd : the passing minutes
Chide our delay : brave Othman, let us hence.

Selim. One last embrace !—nor doubt, but
crown'd with glory,

We soon shall meet again. But, oh, remem-
ber——

Amid the tumult's rage, remember mercy !

“ Stain not a righteous cause with guiltless blood ! ”
Warn our brave friends that we unsheath the
sword

Not to destroy, but save ! nor let blind zeal,
Or wanton cruelty e'er turn its edge
On age or innocence ! or bid us strike
Where the most pitying angel in the skies,
That now looks on us from his blest abode,
Would wish that we should spare.

Oth. So may we prosper,
As mercy shall direct us !

Selim. Farewell, friends !

Sadi. Intrepid prince, farewell !

[*exeunt Othman and Sadi*

Selim. Now sleep and silence

Brood o'er the city.—The devoted centinel
Now takes his lonely stand ; and idly dreams
Of that to-morrow, he shall never see.

In this dread interval o' busy thought,
“From outward things” descend into thyself !
Search deep my heart ! bring with thee awful con-
science,

And firm resolve ! that in the approaching hour
Of blood and horror, I may stand unmov'd ;
Nor fear to strike where justice calls, nor dare
To strike where she forbids !—“Why bear I then
This dark, insidious dagger !—tis the badge
Of vile assassins ; of the coward hand

That dares not meet its foe.—Detested thought !
Yet—as foul lust and murder, though on thrones
Triumphant, still retain their hell-born quality ;
So justice, groaning beneath countless wrongs,
Quits not her spotless and celestial nature :
But in the unhallow'd murderer's disguise,
Can sanctify this steel !

Then be it so :”—witness, ye powers of heaven,
That not from you but from the murderer's eye
I wrap myself in night !—to you I stand
Reveal'd in noon-tide day !—oh, could I arm
My hand with power ! then, like to you array'd
In storm and fire, my swift-avenging thunder
Should blast this tyrant. But since fate denies
That privilege, I'll seize on what it gives :
Like the deep-cavern'd earthquake burst beneath
him,

And whelm his throne, his empire, and himself,
In one prodigious ruin ! [exit

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

enter IRENE and ALADIN.

Irene. But didst thou tell him, Aladin, my fears
Brook no delay.

Ala. I did.

Irene. Why comes he not !
Oh, what a dreadful dream !—twas surely more
Than troubled fancy : never was my soul
Shook with such hideous phantoms !—still he lingers !

Return, return ; and tell him that his daughter
Dies, till she warns him of his threat'ning ruin.

Ala. Behold, he comes. [exit Aladin

enter BARBAROSSA and guards.

Bar. Thou bane of all my joys !
Some gloomy planet surely rul'd thy birth !
Ev'n now thy ill-tim'd fear suspends the banquet,
And damps the festal hour.

Irene. Forgive my fear !

Bar. What fear, what phantom hath possess'd
thy brain ?

Irene. Oh, guard thee from the terrors of this
night ;

For terrors lurk unseen !

Bar. What terrors ? speak !

“ Would'st thou unman me into female weakness ;”
Say what thou dread'st, and why ! I have a soul
To meet the blackest dangers undismay'd.

Irene. Let not my father check with stern rebuke
The warning voice of nature. For ev'n now,
Retir'd to rest, “ soon as I clos'd mine eyes,”
A horrid vision rose—methought I saw
Young Selim rising from the silent tomb :
“ Mangled and bloody was his corse : his hair
Clotted with gore ; his glaring eyes on fire !”
Dreadful he shook a dagger in his hand.
By some mysterious power he rose in air.
When lo—at his command this yawning roof
Was cleft in twain, and gave the phantom entrance !
Swift he descended with terrific brow,
Rush'd on my guardless father at the banquet,
And plung'd his furious dagger in thy breast.

Bar. Would'st thou appal me by a brain-sick
vision ?

Get thee to rest.—“ Sleep but as sound till morn,
As Selim in his grave shall sleep for ever.
And then no haggard dreams shall ride thy fancy !”

Irene. Yet hear me, dearest father !

“ *Bar.* To the couch !”

Provoke me not.—

“ *Irene.* What shall I say to move him ?”
Merciful heaven, instruct me what to do !

enter ALADIN.

Bar. What mean thy looks ?—why dost thou gaze so wildly ?

Ala. I hasted to inform thee, that ev'n now, Rounding the watch, I met the brave Abdalla, Breathless with tidings of a rumor dark,
“ Which runs throughout the city,” that young Selim

Is yet alive——

Bar. May plagues consume the tongue That broach'd the falsehood !—tis not possible— What did he tell thee farther ?

Ala. More he said not :
Save only that the spreading rumor wak'd
A spirit of revolt.

Irene. O, gracious father !

Bar. The rumor's false—and yet your coward fears

Infest me !—what ! —shall I be terrified
By midnight visions ?—“ can the troubled brain
Of sleep out stretch the reason's waking eye ?”
I'll not believe it.

Ala. But this gath'ring rumor——
Think but on that, my lord !

Bar. Infernal darkness
Swallow the slave that rais'd it !—“ yet, I'll do
What caution dictates.”—Hark thee, Aladin——
“ Slave, hear my will.”—See that the watch be
doubled ;

Find out this stranger, Achmet ; and forthwith
Let him be brought before me.

Irene. O my father !

I do conjure thee as thou lov'st thy life,

Retire, and trust thee to thy faithful guards——
See not this Achmet !

“ *Bar.* Not see him ?—death and torment !——
‘Think’st thou, I fear a single arm that’s mortal ?’
Not see him ?—forthwith bring the slave before
me.—

If he prove false—if hated Selim live,
I’ll heap such vengeance on him——

Irene. Mercy ! mercy !

Bar. Mercy.——To whom !

Irene. To me :—and to thyself :

To him—to all.——Thou think’st I rave ; yet true
My visions are as ever prophet utter’d,
When heaven inspires his tongue !

Bar. Ne’er did the moon-struck madman rave
with dreams

More wild than thine !—get thee to rest ; e’er yet
Thy folly wakes my rage.—Call Achmet hither.

Irene. Thus prostrate on my knees :—o see him
not.

Selim is dead :—indeed the rumor’s false,
There is no danger near :—or if there be,
Achmet is innocent !

Bar. Off, frantic wretch !

This idiot dream hath turn’d her brain to madness !
Hence to thy chamber, till returning reason
Hath calm’d this tempest—on thy duty hence !

Irene. Yet hear the voice of caution !—cruel fate !
What have I done—heaven shield my dearest fa-
ther !

Heaven shield the innocent—undone Irene !

Whate’er the event, thy doom is misery. [*exit Irene*]

Bar. Her words are wrapt in darkness.—Aladin,

Forthwith send Achmet hither.—“ Mark him well.—

His countenance and gesture”—then with speed,
Double the centinels. [exit Aladin

Infernal guilt !—

How dost thou rise in ev'ry hideous shape,
Of rage and doubt, suspicion, and despair,
To rend my soul ! “ more wretched far than they
Made wretched by my crimes !”—why did I not
Repent, while yet my crimes were delible !
Ere they had struck their colors through my soul,
As black as night or hell !—tis now too late !——
“ Hence, then, ye vain repinings !”—take me all,
Unfeeling guilt ! o banish, if thou canst,
This fell remorse, and ev'ry fruitless fear !
“ Be this my glory—to be great in evil !
To combat my own heart, and, scorning conscience,
Rise to exalted crimes !”

enter SELIM.

Come hither, slave :

Hear me, and tremble : art thou what thou seem'st ?

Selim. Ha !

Bar. 'Dost thou pause !——by hell, the slave's
confounded !

Selim. That Barbarossa should suspect my truth !

Bar. Take heed ! for by the hov'ring powers of
vengeance,

If I do find thee treach'rous, I will doom thee
To death and torment, such as human thought
Ne'er yet conceiv'd ! thou com'st beneath the guise
Of Selim's murderer.—Now tell me :——is not
That Selim yet alive !

Selim. Selim alive!

Bar. Perdition on thee! dost thou echo me!

Answer me quick, or die! (*draws his dagger*)

Selim. Yes, freely strike——

Already hast thou given the fatal wound,

And pierc'd my heart with thy unkind suspicion!

Oh, could my dagger find a tongue to tell

How deep it drank his blood!—but since thy doubt

Thus wrongs my zeal—behold my breast—strike
here——

For bold is innocence

Bar. I scorn the task. (*puts up his dagger*)

Time shall decide thy doom:—guards, mark me
well.

See that ye watch the motions of this slave:

And if he meditates t' escape your eye,

Let your good sabres cleave him to the chine.

Selim. I yield me to thy will, and when thou
know'st

That Selim lives, or seest his hated face,

Then wreak thy vengeance on me.

Bar. Bear him hence,——

Yet, on your lives, await me within call.——

I will have deeper inquisition made;

“Haply some witness may confront the slave,

And drag to light his falsehood.”

[*exeunt Selim and guards*

Call Zaphira.

[*exit a slave*

If Selim lives—then what is Barbarossa?

My throne's a bubble, that but floats in air,

Till marriage-rites declare Zaphira mine.

“Fool that I am! to wait the weak effects

Of slow persuasion, when unbounded power

Can give me all I wish!—slave, hear my will——

Fly—bid the priest prepare the marriage-rites :
Let incense rise to heaven ; and choral songs
Attend Zaphira to the nuptial bed.” [exit slave
I will not brook delay.—By love and vengeance,
This hour decides her fate !

enter ZAPHIRA.

Well, haughty fair——

Hath reason yet subdu'd thee ? wilt thou hear
The voice of love ?

Zaph. Why dost thou vainly urge me !
Thou know'st my fix'd resolve.

Bar. Can ought but frenzy
Rush on perdition ?

Zaph. Therefore shall no power
E'er make me thine.

Bar. Nay, sport not with my rage ;
“ Though yon suspected slave affirms him dead ;
Yet rumor whispers that young Selim lives.

“ *Zaph.* Could I but think him so ! my earnest
prayer
Should rise to heaven, to keep him far from thee !

“ *Bar.* Therefore, lest treachery undermine my
power,”

Know, that thy final hour of choice is come !

Zaph. I have no choice.—Think'st thou I e'er
will wed

The murderer of my lord ?

Bar. Take heed, rash queen !
Tell me thy last resolve.

Zaph. Then hear me, heaven !
Hear all ye powers that watch o'er innocence !
Angels of light ! and thou dear honor'd shade

Of my departed lord attend, while here
I ratify with vows my last resolve !
“ If e’er I wed this tyrant murderer,”
If I pollute me with this horrid union,
“ Black as adultery or damn’d incest,”
May ye, the ministers of heaven, depart,
Nor shed your influence on the guilty scene ;——
May horror blacken all our days and nights !
May discord light the nuptial torch ‘ and rising
“ From hell, may swarming” fiends in triumph howl
Around th’ accursed bed !

Bar. Begone, remorse !——

Guards do your office : drag her to the altar
Heed not her tears or cries.—“ What !—dare ye
doubt ?

Instant obey my bidding ;—or, by hell,
Torment and death shall overtake you all.

(guards go to seize Zaphira)

Zaph. O, spare me !—heaven protect me !—o
my son,

Wert thou but here to save thy helpless mother !—
What shall I do !—undone, undone Zaphira !

enter SELIM.

Selim: Who call’d on Achmet ?—did not Bar-
barossa

Require me here ?

Bar. Officious slave, retire !

I call’d thee not.

Zaph. O kind and gen’rous stranger, lend thy
aid !

○ rescue me from these impending horrors !

Heaven will reward thy pity !

“ *Bar.* Drag her hence !”

Selim. Pity her woes, o mighty Barbarossa

Bar. Rouze not my vengeance, slave !

Selim. O, hear me, hear me ! (*kneels*)

Bar. Curse on thy forward zeal !

Selim. Yet, yet have mercy.

(*lays hold of Barbarossa's garment*)

Bar. Presuming slave begone ! (*strikes Selim*)

Selim. Nay, then,—die, tyrant.

(*rises, and aims to stab Barbarossa, who
wrests his dagger from him*)

Bar. Ah, traitor, have I caught thee,——Hold—
forbear—

(*to guards who offer to kill Selim*)

Kill him not yet—I will have greater vengeance—

Perfidious wretch, who art thou ?—bring the rack :

Let that extort the secrets of his heart.

Selim. Thy impious threats are lost ! I know that
death

And torments are my doom.—Yet, ere I die,

I'll strike thy soul with horror.—Off, vile habit !—

“ Let me emerge from this dark cloud that hides
me,

And make my setting glorious !”—if thou dar'st,

Now view me !—hear me, tyrant !—while with
voice

More terrible than thunder, I proclaim

That he who aim'd the dagger at thy heart

Is Selim !

Zaph. O heaven ! my son, my son ! (*she faints*)

Selim. Unhappy mother ! (*runs to embrace her*)

Bar. Tear them asunder. (*guards separate them*)

Selim. Barb'rous ruffians !

Bar. Slaves, seize the traitor.

(*they offer to seize him*)

Selim. Off, ye vile slaves ! I am your king—retire,

And tremble at my frowns ! that is the traitor ;
'That is the murderer, " tyrant ravisher : " seize him,

And do your country right.

Bar. Ah, coward dogs !

Start ye at words—or seize him, or by hell,
This dagger ends you all. (*they seize him*)

" *Selim.* 'Tis done."—Dost thou revive, unhappy queen !

Now arm my soul with patience !

Zaph. My dear son !

Do I then live, once more to see my Selim ?
But oh—to see thee thus ?—— (*weeping*)

Selim. Canst thou behold
Her speechless agonies, and not relent.

" *Bar.* At length revenge is mine !—slaves, force her hence.

This hour shall crown my love.

" *Zaph.* O mercy, mercy !"

Selim. Lo, Barbarossa ! thou at length hast conquer'd !

Behold a hapless prince, o'erwhelm'd with woes,
(*kneels*)

Prostrate before thy feet—not for myself
I plead !—yes, plunge the dagger in my breast !
'Tear, tear me piece-meal ! but, o spare Zaphira !
Yet, yet relent ! force not her matron honor !
" Reproach not heaven."

Bar. Have I then bent thy pride ?

Why, this is conquest even beyond my hope !——

Lie there, thou slave ! lie till Zaphira's cries
Arouse thee from the posture.

Selim. Dost thou insult my griefs?—unmanly
wretch !——

Curse on the fear that could betray my limbs,
(*rising*)

My coward limbs, to this dishonest posture ;
Long have I scorn'd, I now defy thy power.

Bar. I'll put thy boasted virtue to the trial.——
Slaves, bear him to the rack.

Zaph. O, spare my son !
Sure filial virtue never was a crime,
Save but my son !—I yield me to thy wish !——
What do I say—the marriage vow—o, horror !
This hour shall make me thine——

Selim. What, doom thyself
The guilty partner of a murderer's bed ?
Whose hands yet reek with thy dear husband's
blood !

“ To be the mother of destructive tyrants,
The curses of mankind.”—By heaven, I swear,
The guilty hour that gives thee to the arms
Of that detested murderer, shall end
This hated life.——

Bar. Or yield thee, or he dies !——

Zaph. The conflict's past.—I will resume my
greatness ;
We'll bravely die, as we have liv'd, with honor.

(*embracing*)

Selim. Now, tyrant, pour thy fiercest fury on
us :—

Now see, despairing guilt, that virtue still
Shall conquer though in ruin.

Bar. Drag them hence :
Her to the altar : Selim to his fate.

“ *Zaph.* O, Selim ! o, my son !—thy doom is
death !

Would it were mine !

Selim. Would I could give it thee !
Is there no means to save her ! lend, ye guards,
Ye ministers of death, in pity lend
Your swords or some kind weapon of destruction !
Sure the most mournful boon that ever son
Ask'd for the best of mothers !

“ *Zaph.* Dearest Selim ! ”

Bar. I'll hear no more.—Guards, bear them to
their fate. (*guards seize them*)

Selim. One last embrace !
Farewell, farewell for ever !

(*guards struggle with them*)

Zaph. One moment yet !—pity a mother's pangs !
O, Selim !

Selim. O, my mother !

[*exeunt Selim and Zaphira*]

“ *Bar.* My dearest hopes are blasted !—what is
power ;

If stubborn virtue thus out-soar its flight !
Yet he shall die—and she——

enter ALADIN.

Ala. Heaven, guard my lord !

Bar. What mean'st thou, Aladin ?

Ala. A slave arriv'd,
Says that young Selim lives : nay, somewhere lurks

Within these walls.

Bar. The lurking traitor's found,
Convicted, and disarm'd.—Ev'n now he aim'd
This dagger at my heart.

Ala. Audacious traitor !
The slave says farther, that he brings the tidings
Of dark conspiracy now hov'ring o'er us :
And claims thy private ear.

Bar. Of dark conspiracy ?
Where ?—among whom ?

Ala. The secret friends of Selim,
Who nightly haunt the city.

Bar. Curse the traitors !
Now speed thee, Aladin.—Send forth our spies :
Explore their haunts :—for, by th' infernal powers,
I will let loose my rage.—The furious lion
Now foams indignant, scorning tears and cries.
Let Selim forthwith die.—Come, mighty ven-
geance !

Stir me, cruelty ! the rack shall groan
With new born horrors ! I will issue forth,
Like midnight pestilence : my breath shall strew
The streets with dead ; and havoc stalk in gore.
Hence, pity ! feed the milky thought of babes ;
Mine is of bloodier hue.”

[*exeunt*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

enter BARBAROSSA, ALADIN and guards.

Bar. Is the watch doubled? are the gates secur'd
Against surprize?

Ala. They are, and mock th' attempt
Of force or treachery.

Bar. This whisper'd rumor
Of dark conspiracy, "on further inquest,"
Seems but a false alarm. Our spies, sent out,
"And now return from search," affirm that sleep
Has wrap'd the city.

Ala. But while Selim lives,
Destruction lurks within the palace walls;
"Nor bars, nor centinels can give us safety."

Bar. Right, Aladin. His hour of fate approaches.
How goes the night?

Ala. The second watch is near.

Bar. Tis well!—whene'er it rings, the traitor
dies.

So hath my will ordain'd.—I'll seize the occasion,
While I may fairly plead my life's defence.

"*Ala.* True: for he aim'd his dagger at thy
heart.

Bar. He did. Hence justice, uncompe'll'd, shall
seem

To lend her sword and do ambition's work.

Ala. His bold resolves have steel'd Zaphira's breast

Against thy love: thence he deserves to die.

Bar. And death's his doom."—Yet first the rack shall rend

Each secret from his heart; "unless he give Zaphira to my arms, by marriage-vows,

With full consent; ere yet the second watch

Toll for his death.—Curse on the woman's weakness!

I yet would win her love!" haste, seek out Othman:

Go, tell him that destruction, and the sword,

Hang o'er young Selim's head, if swift compliance

Plead not his pardon.

[*exit* Aladin

Stubborn fortitude!

Had he not interposed, success had crown'd

My love, now hopeless.—Then let vengeance seize him.

enter IRENE.

Irene. O, night of horrors!—hear me, honor'd father!

If e'er Irene's peace was dear to thee,

Now hear me!

Bar. Impious! dar'st thou disobey?

Did not my sacred will ordain thee hence?

Get thee to rest; for death is stirring here.

Irene. O, fatal words! by ev'ry sacred tie,

Recal the dire decree.—

Bar. What would'st thou say?

Whom plead for?

Irene. For a brave unhappy prince,
Sentenc'd to die.

Bar. And justly !—but this hour
The traitor half fulfill'd thy dream, and aim'd
His dagger at my heart.

“ Irene. Might pity plead !

Bar. What, plead for treachery ?”

Irene. “ Yet pity might bestow a milder name.
Would'st thou not love the child, whose fortitude
Should hazard life for thee ?—oh, think on that :”
The noble mind hates not a virtuous foe :
His gen'rous purpose was to save a mother !

Bar. Damn'd was his purpose : and accurst art
thou,
Whose perfidy would save the dark assassin,
Who sought thy father's life !—hence, from my
sight,

Irene. Oh, never, till thy mercy spare my Selim !

Bar. Thy Selim ? thine ?

Irene. Thou know'st—by gratitude
He's mine.—Had not his generous hand redeem'd
me,

What then had been Irene ? oh !

“ Bar. Faithless wretch !

Unhappy father ! whose perfidious child
Leagues with his deadliest foe : and guides the
dagger

Ev'n to his heart !—perdition catch thy falsehood !
And is it thus, a thankless child repays me
For all the guilt in which I plung'd my soul
To raise her to a throne !

Irene. O, spare these words
More keen than daggers to my bleeding heart !

Let me not live suspected !—dearest father !——
Behold my breast ! write thy suspicion here :
Write them in blood ;” but spare the gen’rous youth
Who sav’d me from dishonor !

Bar. By the powers
Of great revenge, thy fond entreaties seal
His instant death. In him, I’ll punish thee.——
Away !

Irene. Yet hear me ! ere my tortur’d soul
Rush on some deed of horror ?

Bar. “ Seize her, guards,”—
Convey the frantic idiot from my presence :
See that she do no violence on herself.

Irene. O, Selim ! generous youth ! how have my
fears

Betray’d thee to destruction ! slaves, unband me !
Think ye, I’ll live to bear these pangs of grief,
These horrors that oppress my tortur’d soul ?—
Inhuman father !—generous, injur’d prince !—
Methinks I see thee stretch’d upon the rack,
Hear thy expiring groans :—o, horror, horror !
What shall I do to save him !—vain, alas !
Vain are my tears and prayers—at least I’ll die.
Death shall unite us yet. [*exit Irene and guards*]

Bar. O torment, torment !
Ev’n in the midst of power !—the vilest slave
More happy far than I !—the very child,
Whom my love cherish’d from her infant years,
Conspires to blast my peace !—o, false ambition,
“ Thou lying phantom !” whither hast thou lur’d
me !

Ev’n to this giddy height ; where now I stand,
Forsaken, comfortless, with not a friend

In whom my soul can trust !

enter ALADIN.

“ Now, Aladin ? ”

Hast thou seen Othman ?

He will not, sure, conspire against my peace ?

Ala He's fled, my lord. I dread some lurking ruin.

The centinel on watch says, that he pass'd
The gates since midnight with an unknown friend :
And as they pass'd Othman, in whispers, said
Now farewell bloody tyrant.

Bar. Slave, thou liest.

He did not dare to say it ; or, if he did,
“ Pernicious slave,” why dost thou wound my ear
By the foul repetition ?—“ gracious powers,
Let me be calm !—o, my distracted soul !
How am I rent in pieces !—Othman fled !
Why then may all hell's curses follow him ! ”
What's to be done ? some mischief lurks unseen.

Ala. Prevent it then—

Bar. By Selim's instant death--

“ *Ala.* Ay, doubtless.

Bar. ” Is the rack prepar'd ?

Ala. Tis ready.

Along the ground he lies o'erwhelm'd with chains.
The ministers of death stand round, and wait
Thy last command.

Bar. Once more I'll try to bend
His stubborn soul.---Conduct me forthwith to him :
And if he now refuse my proffer'd kindness,
Destruction swallows him !

[*exunt*

SCENE II.

SELIM *discovered in chains, executioners, officer.
&c. and rack.*

Selim. I pray you, friends,
When I am dead, let not indignity
Insult these poor remains ; see them interr'd
Close by my father's tomb ! I ask no more.

Officer. They shall.

Selim. How goes the night ?

Officer. Thy hour of fate, the second watch, is
near.

Selim. Let it come on ; I am prepar'd.

enter BARBAROSSA and guards.

Bar. So—raise him from the ground.

(they raise him)

Perfidious boy ! behold the just rewards
Of guilt and treachery ! didst thou not give
Thy forfeit life, whene'er I should behold
Selim's detested face ?

Selim. Then take it, tyrant.

Bar. Did'st thou not aim a dagger at my heart ?

Selim. I did.

Bar. Yet heaven defeated thy intent,
And sav'd me from the dagger.

Selim. Tis not our's

To question heaven. Th' intent and not the deed
Is in our power ; and therefore who dares greatly,
Does greatly.

Bar. Yet bethink thee, stubborn boy,
What horrors now surround thee.

Selim. Think'st thou, tyrant,
I came so ill prepar'd ?—" thy rage is weak,
Thy torments powerless o'er the steady mind :"
He who can bravely dare, can bravely suffer.

Bar. Yet lo I come, by pity led, to spare thee.
Relent, and save Zaphira !—for the bell
Ev'n now expects the centinel to toll
The signal of thy death.

Selim. Let guilt like thine
Tremble at death : I scorn his darkest frown.
Hence, tyrant, nor profane my dying hour !

Bar. Then take thy wish. (*bell tolls*)
There goes the fatal knell,
"Thy fate is seal'd." Nor all thy mother's tears,
Nor prayers, nor eloquence of grief, shall save thee
From instant death. Yet ere the assassin die,
Let torment ring each secret from his heart.
The traitor Othman's fled ; conspiracy
Lurks in the womb of night, and threatens ruin.
Spare not the rack, nor cease, till it extort
The lurking treason ; " and this murd'rer call
On death, to end his woes." [*exit Barbarossa*]

Selim. Come on then. (*they bind him*)
Begin the work of death—" what ! bound with
cords,
Like a vile criminal !"—o, valiant friends,
When will ye give me vengeance !

enter IRENE.

Irene. Stop—o, stop!
Hold your accursed hands!—on me, on me,
Pour all your torments;—how shall I approach
thee.

Selim. These are thy father's gifts!—yet thou
art guiltless;
Then let me take thee to my heart, thou best
Most amiable of women!

Irene. Rather curse me,
As the betrayer of thy virtue.

Selim. Ah!

Irene. 'Twas I,—my fears, my frantic fears be-
tray'd thee!
Thus falling at thy feet, may I but hope
For pardon ere I die!

Selim. Hence to thy father!

Irene. Never, o never!—crawling in the dust,
I'll clasp thy feet, and bathe them with my tears!
Tread me to earth! I never will complain;
But my last breath shall bless thee!

Selim. Lov'd Irene,
What hath my fury done?

“*Irene.* Indeed, 'twas hard!
But I was born to sorrow.

Selim. Melt me not.
I cannot bear thy tears;—they quite unman me!
Forgive the transports of my rage.

Irene. Alas,
The guilt is mine: canst thou forgive those fears
That first awak'd suspicion in my father!
Those fears that have undone thee!—heaven is
witness,

They meant not ill to thee.

Selim. None, none, Irene!

No; twas the generous voice of filial love:

That, only, prompted thee to save a father.

Yes; from my inmost I do approve

'That virtue which destroys me.'

Irene. Canst thou, then,
Forgive and pity me?

Selim. I do,—I do.

Irene. On my knees,

Thus let me thank thee, generous, injur'd prince!

O earth and heaven, that such unequall'd worth

Should meet so hard a fate!—that I—that I,

Whom his love rescu'd from the depth of woe,

Should be th' accurst destroyer!—strike, in pity,

And end this hated life.

Selim. Cease, dear Irene.

Submit to heaven's high will. I charge thee live;

And to thy utmost power, protect from wrong

My helpless friendless mother!

Irene. With my life

I'll shield her from each wrong. That hope alone

Can tempt me to prolong a life of woe.

Selim. O my ungovern'd rage!—to frown on
thee!

Thus let me expiate the cruel wrong, (*embracing*)

And mingle rapture with the pains of death.

Officer. No more. Prepare the rack.

Irene. Stand off, ye fiends!

Here will I cling. No power on earth shall part us,

'Till I have sav'd my Selim! (*a shout*)

Officer. Hark, what noise

Strikes mine ear?

Selim. Again. (*a shout*)

Ala. Arm, arm! treachery and murder!

(*without*)

(*executioners go to seize Selim*)

Selim. Off, slaves!—or I will turn my chains to arms,

And dash you piece-meal!—"for I have heard a sound

Which lifts my tow'ring soul to Atlas' height,
That I could prop the skies!"

Ala. Where is the king?

The foe pours in. "The palace gates are burst:

The centinels are murder'd save the king!

They seek him through the palace."

Officer. Death and ruin!

Follow me, slaves, and save him.

[*exit officer and executioner*]

Selim. Now, bloody tyrant! now, thy hour is come!

"*Irene.* What means yon madd'ning tumult!—
my fears!

Selim." Vengeance at length hath pierc'd these
guilty walls,

And walks her deadly round.

Irene. Whom dost thou mean! my father?

Selim. "Yes:" thy father, who murder'd mine!

Irene. Is there no room for mercy?

O, Selim, by our love!—

Selim. Thy tears are vain!

Vain were thy eloquence, though thou didst plead
With an archangel's tongue!

Irene. Spare but his life!

Selim. Heaven knows I pity thee. But he must bleed ;

Though my own life-blood ; nay, though thine, more dear,

Should issue at the wound !

Irene. Must he then die ?

Let me but see my father, ere he perish !

Let me but pay my parting duty to him !

(clash of swords)

Hark ! twas the clash of swords ! heaven save my father !

O cruel, cruel *Selim* !

[exit Irene]

Selim. Curse on this servile chain, that binds me fast

In powerless ignominy ; while my sword

Should haunt its prey, and cleave the tyrant down.

Oth. Where is the prince ! *(without)*

Selim. Here, *Othman*, " bound to earth !

Set me but free !" — o cursed, cursed chain !

enter OTHMAN and party, who free Selim.

Oth. O, my brave prince ! heaven favors our design. *(embraces him)*

Take that : — I need not bid thee use it nobly.

(giving him a sword)

Selim. Now, *Barbarossa*, let my arm meet thine :

Tis all I ask of heaven.

[exit Selim]

Oth. Guard ye the prince — *(part go off)*

Pursue his steps. Now this way let us turn

And seek the tyrant.

[exeunt Othman, &c.]

SCENE III—*changes to the open palace.*

enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. Empire is lost, and life : yet brave revenge
Shall close my life in glory.

enter OTHMAN.

Have I found thee,
Dissembling traitor ?—die !—

“ *Oth.* Long hath my wish,
Pent in my struggling breast, been robb’d of utter-
ance.

Now valor scorns the mask. I dare thee, tyrant !
And arm’d with justice thus would meet thy rage,
Though thy right hand grasp’d the pointed thun-
der !

Now, heaven decide between us ! (*they fight*)

Bar. Coward !

Oth. Tyrant !

Bar. Traitor !

Oth. Infernal fiend, thy words are fraught with
falsehood :

To combat crimes like thine by force or wiles,
Is equal glory (*Barbarossa falls*)

Bar. I faint, I die !—o horror !”

enter SELIM and SADI.

Selim. The foe gives way : sure this way went
the storm.

Where is the tyger fled !—what do I see !

Sadi. Algiers is free !

Oth. This sabre did the deed.

Selim. I envy thee the blow !—“yet” valor scorn
To wound the fallen.---But if life remain,
I will speak daggers to his guilty soul !
Hoa, Barbarossa ! tyrant, murderer !
Tis Selim, Selim calls thee !

Bar. Off, ye fiends !

Torment me not !—o, Selim, art thou there !—
Swallow me earth ! “bury me deep, ye mountains !
Accursed be the day that gave me birth !”
Oh, that I ne’er had wrong’d thee !

Selim. Dost thou then
Repent thee of thy crimes ?---He does ; he does !
He grasps my hand ! see the repentant tear
Starts from his eye---dost thou indeed repent ?---
Why then I do forgive thee : “from my soul
I freely do forgive thee !”---and if crimes
Abhorr’d as thine, dare plead to heaven for mercy---
May heaven have mercy on thee.

Bar. Generous Selim !

Too good---I have a daughter ! oh, protect her !
Let not my crimes--- (*dies*)

Oth. There fled the guilty soul !

Selim. Haste to the city—stop the rage of slaughter.

Tell my brave people, that Algiers is free ;
And tyranny no more. [*exeunt slaves*]

“*Sadi.* And, to confirm
The glorious tidings, soon as morning shines,
Be his dead carcass dragg’d throughout the city,
A spectacle of horror.

Selim. Curb thy zeal.

Let us be brave, not cruel : nor disgrace
Valor by barb'rous and inhuman deeds.
Black was his guilt : and he hath paid his life,
The forfeit of his crimes. Then sheath the sword :
Let vengeance die.---Justice is satisfied !"

enter ZAPHIRA.

Zaph. What mean these horrors !---wheresoe'er
I turn

My trembling steps, I find some dying wretch,
Welt'ring in gore !---and dost thou live, my Selim ?

Selim. Lo there he lies !

Zaph. The bloody tyrant slain !

O, righteous heaven !

Selim. Behold thy valiant friends,
Whose faith and courage have o'erwhelm'd the
power

Of Barbarossa. Here, once more, thy virtues
Shall dignify the throne and bless thy people.

Zaph. Just are thy ways, o heaven !---vain ter-
rors hence ;

Once more Zaphira's blest !---my virtuous son,
How shall I e'er repay thy boundless love !

Thus let me snatch thee to my longing arms,
And on thy bosom weep my griefs away.

Selim. O, happy hour !---happy, beyond "the
flight"

Ev'n "of any ardent" hope !---look down, blest shade,
From the bright realms of bliss !---behold thy queen
Unspotted, unseduced, unmoved in virtue.

Behold the tyrant prostrate at my feet !
And to the mem'ry of thy bleeding wrongs,
Accept this sacrifice !

Zaph. My generous Selim.

Selim. Where is Irene?

Sadi. With looks of wildness, and distracted mien
She sought her father where the tumult raged;
She pass'd me, while the coward Aladin
Fled from my sword; and, as I cleft him down,
She fainted at the sight.

Oth. But soon recover'd;
Zamor, our trusty friend, at my command,
Convey'd the weeping fair one to her chamber.

Selim. Thanks to thy generous care :---come let
us seek
The afflicted maid.

Zaph. Her virtues might atone
For all her father's guilt!---thy throne be her's :
She merits all thy love.

Selim. Then haste, and find her.---O'er her fa-
ther's crimes
Pity shall draw her veil; "nay, half absolve them,"
When she beholds the virtues of his child!—
Now let us thank th' eternal power; convinced,
That heaven but tries our virtue by affliction :
That of the cloud which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days! [*exeunt*]

END OF BARBAROSSA.

EPILOGUE.

Written by DAVID GARRICK, esq. Spoken by mr.
WOODWARD, in the character of a fine gentleman.

enter—speaking to the people without.

*Pshaw!—damn your epilogue—and hold your
tongue—*

*Shall we of rank be told what's right or wrong?
Had you ten epilogues you should not speak 'em,
Though he had writ 'em all in linguam grecam.
I'll do't by all the gods!—(you must excuse me)
Though author, actors, audience, all abuse me!
Behold a gentleman!—and that's enough!
Laugh if you please—I'll take a pinch of snuff!
I come to tell you—(let it not surprise you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to advise you.—
How could you suffer that same country booby,
That prologue speaking savage,—that great looby,
To talk his nonsense?—give me leave to say
Twas low—damn d low!—but save the fellow's play—
Let the poor devil eat,—allow him that,
And give a meal to measter, mon, and cat;
But why attack the fashion?—senseless rogue!
We have no joys but what result from vogue:
The mode should all control—nay, ev'ry passion,
Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion;
I hate as much as he a turtle feast,
But till the present turtle rage has ceas'd,
I'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a beast.
I have no ears—yet op'ras I adore!
Always prepar'd to die—to sleep—no more!
The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress,
He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good queen Bess!*

EPILOGUE

*They are forsooth, too much expos'd and free—
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I see,
For more, or less, tis all the same to me.
Poor gaming too was maul'd among the rest,
That precious cordia to a high life breast!
When thoughts arise I always game or drink,
An english gentleman should never think—
The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on—
What trims a frenchman, oversets a briton;
In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
Which always ends in politics or madness:
I therefore now propose—by your command,
That tragedies no more shall cloud this land;
Send o'er your Shakspeares to the sons of France,
Let them grow grave—let us begin to dance!
Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
Reserve alone, to bless these golden times,
A farce or two—and Woodward's pantomimes!*

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